

His Purple Suit

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Summary: Corny has to face the truth for the first time. Slight slash
in Chap 1 feel free to skip to chap 2. Cornbelle

1. Chapter 1

Hi all, this is my first ever FF so I hope you all enjoy it.

This will be Cornbelle, cos lets face it there aren't enough out there with hints of Corny/Link.

DISCLAIMER: I don't own these characters or the film/musical Hairspray, if I did this would have happened in the film wouldn't it.

Maybelle walked backstage at the empty studio in darkness, Seaweed and Inez were at Tracy's for the night so she was free to wander her place of work. Maybelle didn't know why she was walking around the studio at this late hour but sitting in her empty house she had suddenly felt a sense of longing for the place and so she had walked Baltimore's streets both black and white to get here. Suddenly Maybelle was jerked out of her reverie she could have sworn she heard a noise coming from the direction of the main stage, creeping forward careful not to let her heels hit the floor she rounded the corner of the backing scenery not knowing who to expect. In the back of her mind Maybelle believed it would be a late cleaner or maybe the new stage manager working late, she would have never believed that she would see the sight that presented itself before her.

Her co-host Corny Collins was leaning, no, gripping the edge of their podium, he was gripping it so hard that even from her far off position Maybelle could see his knuckles threatening to pop right out off his skin. On the ground in front of him was star dancer and teen idol Link Larkin licking and sucking as though Corny was made of his favourite ice-cream flavour, which Maybelle could sympathise with. She'd been working with Corny on and off-screen for years now and although she'd never tell anyone had often had those images of her

and Corny together float across her mind and invade her dreams.

Although Corny was trying his damn hardest he couldn't stop the gurgled scream that escaped his throat as he exploded down Links warm, sweet throat, clinging to the podium with one hand he shakily pulled Link up by the other before pulling him into a powerful kiss trying to tell him what he could never put into words. Thanking him for doing this, for never telling, and for not knocking him on his ass the first time Corny had sloppily approached him, praying that the teen felt or at least could pretend to feel the way Corny did. Link returned the kiss, though with less passion, before pulling away to look at Corny;

"I have to go, my parents might start to worry". Corny just nodded dumbly, still coming down from the high he had just experienced just finding his voice as Link turned to leave the stage floor;

"Link!", Link turned and look at him, a question on his lips, "Straighten your tie" Corny managed to blurt out. Link just grinned at him, before complying with request and leaving the studio.

Corny leaned back against the podium allowing the feelings of relief and panic to wash over him. Then he felt a hand brush his arm gently, making him jump out of his skin, fresh waves of panic overtook him as visions of angry Baltimore residents turning up here and at his home filled his mind. Turning he felt the panic settle slightly as he recognised the calm brown eyes before him, Maybelle silently conveying her understanding of the fear he felt, after all the amount of times she had woken up praying that she hadn't called out his name within hearing distance of anyone else were too numerous to count. Maybelle did what felt right, the only thing she could do at that moment she realised as she pulled Corny to herself bringing him into a sea of warmth and understanding amidst the darkness of the studio.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

After what seemed like an eternity, Corny found the strength to release himself from Maybelle's comforting grip, he took a deep breath and forced himself to look Maybelle in the face before reciting the explanation he'd been planning in his head since this started, almost relieved that he had the chance to say it.

"I know you don't understand and you think I'm sick but I don't do this all the time with any man I meet or..." Corny paused waiting for the interruption that never came; "and Link, he... he's not like me I know and this doesn't change anything with Tracy or..." Maybelle suddenly placed two fingers gently on his lips, cutting him off from his own foolish explanation.

"I know Link wants Tracy" she assured him, "and I might not understand but I most certainly do not think you're weird, well any weirder than I already knew you were."

Corny smiled, a small shy smile but a smile none the less, his first genuine smile in years truth be told and Maybelle considered it an

honour to bear witness to this rare event, a pure expression of honesty from the King of cheese.

Looking down Corny realised he was still wearing his purple suit, that suit, upon reflection he should have known they'd be caught tonight he mused. His life always changed when he wore the purple suit. He was wearing purple when Velma made him hire Amber, when she'd let him and Maybelle launch Negro Day and when he'd first met Brenda. He'd been wearing the suit when they became one in his dressing room for the first time, when she'd told him the real reason she had to leave the show and when Corny had had to stand up and announce to all of Baltimore in veiled terms that Brenda was a whore, each word burning in his throat. He'd worn the suit two weeks ago when he stood in the hospital, at Brenda's side posing as her friend when they'd held their daughter for the first and only time before she was taken away to some respectable family, away from her parents but also away from the hurt that would have filled her life if they'd kept her.

Corny didn't love Brenda, just like he didn't love Link but he cared about them deeply, he cared about all his council but especially those two. Inez and Seaweed were different, he cared about them too but not because they were on the show but because if he had one wish it would be to have his name on their birth certificates, pick them up when they fell down and most of all because he wished he could show the same pride Maybelle displayed when they took the lead at 4 o'clock on a weekday.

Suddenly Corny could have kicked himself, he was so blind, she was right here and he was just standing there like an idiot. He had told her the truth for God's sake, instead of running home and releasing the last bullet from his fathers service pistol into his deviant head yet he couldn't say what he truly felt, where his heart truly lay. Not like this anyway, not dressed like "Corny" Collins.

"I have to say things to you, but first I, I have to change" he blurred, wincing at the clumsy sentence as he said it, before taking control along with Maybelle's hand and leading her to his dressing room.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Maybelle closed the door behind them turning to lock it just in case anyone else was around, by the time she turned to face Corny he already had his tie off and his shirt hanging off his thin frame allowing her a good look at the chest that had filled her dreams for so long. She closed her eyes when his hands fumbled with the buckle and Maybelle resisted the temptation to open them until she heard the buckle be secured on his street pants and his fingers fumble with the plain grey shirt. When he was dressed as himself Corny gestured her to sit on the sofa before spinning the hard plastic chair around to sit and face her.

"Can I ask you something" Maybelle asked suddenly unsure of herself;

"Of course, Maybelle, anything" he reassured her just as she had

reassured him just moments earlier.

"Link, do you like kissing him?"

"Yes" he answered, "but I'd rather kiss you" his brain screamed.

"And Brenda, did you like being with her?"

"Yes" he answered, "but I'd rather be with you" he wanted to yell.

"Maybelle" her head jerked up at the sound of her name leave his lips, even though he must say it 10 times a day, this time it was different, she wasn't yet sure how different but she knew it was.

"Do you know who I really like kissing, and who I really like being with?", he whispered. Maybelle shook her head suddenly afraid of the answer, she could feel her heart and her desires being torn apart at the fear of whose name he might say.

"You, Maybelle"

"But, we've never done those things."

"Maybelle", Corny gently took her hand and lifted her chin to stare into her eyes. "Every you look at me, or touch me I'm kissing you, touching you, protecting you. It's all I can do not to throw myself at your feet and beg you to love me, like I, like I love you Maybelle".

A sudden silence filled the air and Corny wondered if he'd said too much, come on too strong, been too honest.

"Corny" Maybelle whispered, her voice so gentle for a second he thought he'd dreamt it. "Kiss me." And he did, pulling her up Corny wrapped Maybelle in his arms as his lips met her in an explosion of passion, the mutual attraction between them bursting forth for the first time shocking them both. As his tongue worshipped her mouth and his hands supported Maybelle's body whilst her knees gave way, his actions truly did speak louder than his words. She knew he loved her he'd just said as much, but the kiss and his arms told her that he'd loved her, and Seaweed and Inez since he'd met her. That he'd threatened Velma with taking the show to Channel Five unless she allowed Negro Day to begin, that he'd almost killed Velma after hearing the glee in her voice when she told Maybelle that Negro Day was cancelled, and that after the Miss Teenage Hairspray events he'd slept outside her house, in case anyone came for Seaweed after seeing him with Penny or in case anyone tried to show their objections to Lil' Inez being lead dancer on the show.

As they pulled apart panting slightly, they continued to hold one another until Maybelle spoke;

"Inez and Seaweed are out tonight, you want to come round, move in, stay forever." Corny just grinned at her;

"Will they be OK with this?"

"Well Seaweed already says you've been the most consistent man in his life since Marcus died and Inez couldn't worship you any more so yeah I think they'll be cool".

Corny silently took her hand and led Maybelle out to his car never letting go of her hand, for the first time in his life feeling completely calm, he knew it wouldn't be easy but he'd waited so long to do this, to hold Maybelle at that moment Corny Collins could have taken on anything and anyone standing in the way of the life he was supposed to lead. The life he'd dreamt of leading since the name Motormouth Maybelle Stubbs had entered his world.

End
file.